Men Who Fail---XXV. 3

An Ocean Tale of Peril And of Wild Adventure

By JACK LONDON THE CALL OF THE WILD." LIG.

CHAPTER XIX.

kill you, so go ahead and cut."

speered.

ominously. laughed, and turned on his heel and steerage.

phrey." Maud said next morning, shall never walk again. vestel, or set fire to it. There is no much left in me." make him a prisoner."

would be live as woman's serious of temper. Carrying the homon-tackins to be life the dark Margin and studies of the dark Margin and the serious and thinking the life that the dark Margin and the latest the serious and thinking the dark Margin and the latest the serious and thinking the dark Margin and the latest the serious and thinking the dark Margin and the latest the serious and thinking the latest the serious and the

I bulanced him across the thresto the floor. I could not lift him di-rectly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body balanced him across the edge, and rolled him into a

lower bunk.
But this was not to be all. I recollected the handcuffs in his stateroom, which he preferred to use on saliors instead of the ancient and clumsy. major steamony in the first time in many days I breathed the first time in many days I breathed freely. I felt strangely light as I was the first time on deck, as though a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt, also, that Maud and I had drawn more than the major time the results of the first disaster. And I wonderful freely in the first disaster than the first disaster to felt it, as we walked along the deck side by side to what

CHAPTER XX.

HAT'S a lie, Wolf Larsen."
I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to T once we moved aboard the Ghost, occupying our old staterooms and cooking in the galley. The imprison-

"You have the chance always," he happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian summer of "Go ahead and cut," I threatened this high latitude was gone and drizzling stormy weather had set in. I "I'd rather disappoint you," he went to visit Larson, bound in the

"That was the last play of the "Something must be done, Hum- Wolf," he said. "I am paralysed. I

occurrence. "If he has liberty, he "I'd like to have done for you first, may do anything. He may sink the Hump. And I thought I had that

"But how?" I asked, with a help-as a sign that he wished no further conversation.

For the control of th

ment of Wolf Larsen had

when I had told her of the night's "It's unfortunate," he continued.

telling what he mry do. We must He broke out in mocking laughter, then turned his left car to the pillow

reach of this arms and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly, Bhe waited.

"The waited.

MEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD THE OUTLAW

By JACKSON GREGORY

to run at once to the wheel and at the run at once to the wheel and at the run time you must be hoisting the jib."

This mandeuves of gitting under the piblic way I had studied and worked out a secret of times, and, with the jiblic halyard to the windlass. I knew Maid was rapable of hoisting that most necessary sait. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and though the water was caim, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackle but have hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The Ghost seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The life was rising. As it filled the Ghost's bow awang off and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib sheet which passed the life agrees of the sailey to the cabin I knew nothing. It was a sleep-walker Mail guilded and supported. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke, key long after

hersting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anticety, for the thost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Mand had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright. No wonder I was sleeping brokenly.

blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh sait air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into mafe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and iaid a long tack along the shore of the lips parted and water belling. I found no Mand.

I discovered her in the steerage, by

I had devised an automatic jib about which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for aland to attend to that, but she was still stiff and lame, and cried out with hereting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of any

and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about and the Ghoat headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom breathing of the ocean and was herself a-breath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly counted and slipped down each broad backed wave.

The day had been duil and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and the clouds, a welcome omen, and the clouds, a welcome of the shone upon the curving beach where together we had dared the lords of the haren and slain the holluschickie.

All Endeaver Island brightened under "New Said, "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free